

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 21. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

The Innkeeper of Abbeville:

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS,
BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.
Author of *The Pilot*. *Father and Son*. *The Floating Beacon*.
The Devil's Elixir, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With *Remarks, Biographical & Critical*,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, CAS. of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the PERFORMERS on the STAGE, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

Shakespeare

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- 56 Maid of the Mill
- 57 Barber of Seville
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- 60 The Fair Penitent
- 61 George Barnwell
- 62 Fall of Algiers
- 63 Der Freischutz

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- 64 Fatal Dowry
- 65 Shepherd of Der-
- went Vale
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- 67 Wives as they were
- 68 Lofty Projects
- 69 Every Man in his
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- 74 Henry the Fifth
- 75 Love in humble life
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- 78 Orestes in Argos
- 79 Hide and Seek
- 80 Tribulation
- 81 Rival Valets
- 82 Roses and Horns
- 83 Midas [a Wife]
- 84 Rule a Wife & have

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- 100 Deaf and Dumb
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- Verona
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- 191 Henry IV. Part II
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- 194 The Vampire
- 195 The Farmer
- 196 Ella Rosenberg
- 197 The Two Friends
- 198 Valentine & Orson
- 199 Folly as it Flies

VOL. XXIX.

- 200 The Robber's Wife
- 201 Magpie or the Maid
- 202 Shakspeare's Early Days
- 203 Point of Honour
- 204 High ways & By-
- 205 Ice Witch [ways
- 206 St. Patrick's Day
- 207 Blind Bargain
- 208 Robinson Crusoe

VOL. XXX.

- 209 Maid of Honour
- 210 Sleeping Draught
- 211 Timour the Tartar
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- 213 Kjig Richard II
- 214 Mrs. Wiggins [ings
- 215 Comfortable Lodg-
- 216 The Exile [ding
- 217 Day after the Wed-
- 218 Adopted Child

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- 219 The Bride of Lud-
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- 222 Bee-hive
- 223 Hartford Bridge
- 224 Two strings to your
- 225 Haunted Inn [Box

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REMARKS.

The Innkeeper of Abbeville.

It is surprising with what complacency we sit and see a murder committed—how coolly we become accessories both before and after the act. “Leave thy damnable faces, and *begin!*” we involuntarily exclaim, when the levelled pistol and drawn dagger indicate a deed of dreadful note, which, if dexterously done, how heartily we *applaud!* If it ever be *our* fate to melodramatize (“to what base uses may we not return, Horatio?”), the public may anticipate a rich feast of amusement in this way. Our scale of theatrical homicides is regularly laid down; and it shall go hard if *one* of the *dramatis personæ* outlive the scene, the author being resolved to reserve to *himself* the sole benefit of survivorship.

Baron Idenberg and his sister, the Lady Emma, being on their way to Abbeville, stop at an inn, the *Henri Quartre*, kept by Clauson, a veteran soldier. Ozzrand, an orphan boy in the service of Clauson, having been betrayed into evil courses by Dyrkile, a pilfering vagabond, who inherits the nimbleness of his fingers from his deceased grandmother, has entered into a plot to carry off the plate of his benefactor that very night, and share the spoil with his tempter. Dyrkile, in his rambles, seeing Charles (a young villager who is about to wed Louise, the daughter of Clauson) conducting two strangers, richly dressed, through the forest to the inn, persuades his young *protégé* to kill two birds with one stone, and rob the travellers into the bargain. After some hesitation, Ozzrand consents: he enters at midnight the chamber where the baron reposes, seizes his sword, and is about to purloin a silver cup from the cabinet, when Idenberg, who had been between waking and sleeping, starts up, and seizes the robber. Dyrkile rushes forward to the rescue of his accomplice, stabs the baron, wipes the bloody dagger on a cloak belonging to Clauson, and effects his escape. Day breaks, and Louise enters, to prepare coffee for the baron—she recounts the violence of the late storm—

“I heard the owls scream, and the crickets cry.”

The whole house had been full of horrible imaginings. A scream is heard ; the Lady Emma rushes in, pale and trembling, and proclaims her brother *murdered* ! At this moment, the Marquis Romano arrives at the inn, accompanied by Zyrtillo, the baron's servant, who had been sent forward to apprise him of the cause of his master's delay. The dreadful story is revealed : suspicion fixes on Clauson—his *cloak* stained with blood—his very *dagger*, too, the instrument employed by the assassin ! He is borne off to prison, and tortured, to make him confess. The latter expedient has its effect. Curl was wont to remark, that his *translators*, in a hungry fit, would swear that they knew all the languages in Christendom. In like manner, the poor innkeeper, when put to the *rack* (*punch*, says the *medecin malgré lui*, is a capital thing to make people *talk* !), becomes loquacious, and confesses himself the murderer. He is condemned to die, and, as an act of *grace*, the death of a soldier. The word “fire!” is given, when Dyrkile, most opportunely, interposes himself between the soldiers and their intended victim, and is shot.

We might detail the more minute parts of this drama—describe the loves of Charles and Louise—the villainy of Dyrkile—the remorse of Ozzrand—with a word or two on that comical fellow, Zyrtillo, whose logic hardly serves him to distinguish the difference between *two* suppers, and supper for *two* ! We might bestow a parenthesis on the Lady Emma, and her brother, the baron, who, after having been (as it would appear) mortally wounded, dragged into a barn, and then into a thicket, miraculously recovers—

(“ Shall I bear the body off ?”
“ No, I thank you—I'll walk off !”)

and, like Partridge, the almanack-maker, stands bolt upright, and proclaims himself “ All alive, O !” These, and other particulars, might have been discussed with our usual critical acumen ; but “ brevity is the *soul* of wit,”—which no-body can deny.

The acting at the Surrey Theatre was worthy of the piece ; and the piece is worthy of its author, Mr. Fitz-Ball, whose muse, whether it *floats* or *flies*, is, for the most part, *terribly* entertaining.

Costume.

MARQUIS ROMANO.—Blue regimental coat, with red cuffs and collar—leather breeches—military boots—spurs—cross belt—cocked hat, with small feather—black stock—powdered hair.

BARON IDENBERG.—Blue Huzzar uniform and pelisse, with silver lace—red pantaloons—hessian boots—Huzzar hat—sword—belt.

CLAUSON.—Dark doublet, small-clothes, and vest, trimmed with blue binding—blue hose—russet shoes—collar—large gray mantle, or cloak—bald-pated or iron-gray wig.

CHARLES.—Gray and black doublet and pantaloons—hat of ditto—collar—russet boots.

OZZRAND.—Buff-leather jacket—red breeches—striped stockings—flowered waistcoat—loose coloured kerchief—red wig.

DYRKILE.—Brown doublet, vest, and breeches—blue stockings—russet shoes—buff belt—black hat and feather—black wig and ringlets—collar, &c.

ZYRTILLO.—Undress Huzzar uniform. (Vide Idenberg.)

OFFICER.—Vide the Marquis.

GUARDS.—Gens d'armerie of France: Blue coats—leather breeches—large boots—cocked hats—cross belts—large swords.

LADY EMMA.—Light blue dress, trimmed with silver lace—hat of same, and white ostrich feather—scarf—bracelets, &c.

LOUISE.—Blue stuff petticoat, with rows of black and red binding round the bottom—black body and tabs—white muslin French apron—black ribbon and cross for neck—blue silk stockings, with red clocks—shoes and buckles—coloured French kerchief on the head.

Cast of the Characters,			
As Performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres,			
	Surrey, 1826.	Olympie, Jan. 11, 1830.	
<i>The Marquis Romano, an Officer of rank, in whom the civil power is vested with the military . . .</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Marston.	
<i>Baron Idenberg, his Friend . . .</i>	Mr. Eden.	Mr. Bruce.	
<i>Clauson, the Inn-keeper . . .</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Gann.	
<i>Charles, in love with Louise . . .</i>	Mr. Hemmings.	Mr. Nantz.	
<i>Ozzrand, Ostler of the inn . . .</i>	Mr. S. H. Chapman.	Mr. W. Burroughs.	
<i>Dyrkile, a supposed Peasant . . .</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Shoard.	
<i>Zyrtillo, Idenberg's Servant . . .</i>	Mr. H. Baker.	Mr. Paul.	
<i>Lady Emma, Sister to Idenberg . . .</i>	Miss Cooke.	Miss Rede.	
<i>Louise, Clauson's Daughter . . .</i>	Miss Huddart.	Mrs. W. Burroughs	

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat*, or *Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* , L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

THE INNKEEPER OF ABBEVILLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of the Inn of Abbeville, R., with a garden and forest in the background—the sign of Henri Quartre—fountain, cistern, and various implements of husbandry.*

MUSIC.—*LOUISE at the window, R., CHARLES below, discovered.*

Charles. [Looking up at the window.] Ah, my dear Louise! make haste, and come down; I've brought you such a delightful nosegay, almost as beautiful as yourself. Here are roses, from which I have divided all the thorns; and here's some fresh hearts'-ease, to wear in your bosom.

Louise. I'm glad you are here. I've such a deal to say, Charles. I've bought a new ballad of the old blind gipsy-woman—all about love.

Charles. So much the better; we'll study it together, before your father's return.

Louise. Ah! so we will—I'm coming.

[She retires from the window, enters, R., and receives the nosegay from Charles.]

Enter CLAUSON, R. U. E.

Cla. [Advancing to c.] Out upon it! together! is it for ever thus you seek to entertain yourselves rather than my customers?—Marry, Louise, is it thus the old Inn of Abbeville welcomes travellers during the landlord's absence?—Oh, for shame! for shame!

Charles. Indeed, it was all my fault—wasn't it, Louise?

Lou. (R.) No, it was all mine. [Turns, and kisses Clauson.] Indeed, father, it was all my fault.

Cla. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Charles. No, it was all mine. I was at home asleep, and I thought I heard Louise say—

Louise. There, there, Charles, I'm sure you'd better be quiet—my father knows—

Cla. I ! oh, I know nothing about it, Louise ; 'tis so long since I was in love. But I take it, you are, in this case, what my old master used to say of a besieged fortress. He used to say, that fortress yonder is made of loadstone, and somehow will attract us men of polished steel. He meant by that, Louise, we were men of bright parts, not so rusty, perhaps, as honest Charles. However, I don't like him the less : many a rough scabbard wears a sharp sword inside. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha !

Louise. Dear father, you're always so merry.

Charles. [To *Clauson*.] Ah ! 'tis that makes Louise so gloomy and melancholy when you are not at home. Indeed, I often discover her in tears ; but, when I arrive and we begin to talk about the old inn, you, and—

Cla. Love, I suppose : isn't that what you intended to say ?

Charles. [Abashed.] You have, somehow, such a guess, like.

Cla. Well, well, I believe you are a couple of good children, and there's an end of the matter. But where's Ozzrand ? not seeing to the horses.

Louise. He's gone to take a ramble with Dyrkile in the forest. They went out together.

Cla. I wish you would not permit that fellow, Dyrkile, to entice Ozzrand so much abroad from his work. There's something about Dyrkile I don't like—he's ever at liberty. As my old commander had it, he that's too lazy to handle a musket, must needs be a skulker when the skirmish comes.

Charles. I always understood Dyrkile's grandmother bequeathed him—

Cla. What ! the nimbleness of her own fingers--the pursuit of her own evil practices.

Louise. Nay, father, don't speak thus of the dead.

Cla. Louise, if those who do ill are to be as well spoken of when they are dead, as those who do well, where's the reward for departed virtue ?—Besides, didn't I detect the Jezebel, not three weeks before her end, robbing the red hen of her eggs ?— Didn't I—but I've said enough, Louise ; Ozzrand must either abandon Dyrkile or his master. [Distant thunder.]

Charles. Then I'm sure it will be the former. I know how truly the poor lad loves you. It was but yester

day he recounted to me your generosity in taking him, orphan that he was, under your kind protection.

Cla. Well, well; I promised his father, who, as you've often heard me say, was my fellow comrade—he fell gloriously by my side—[*Dashing away a tear.*] I promised to be a friend to his boy; and it shall be his boy's own fault if I am not so. [Thunder.]

Charles. Why, it thunders!

Louise. And rains too, a little.

Cla. Well, I declare I thought I felt a drop in my eye just now, myself; so, so, we shall have a storm presently: make the best of your way home, Charles; I heard the convent clock strike nine, as I came up the hollow way of the forest. Good night.

[Exit into the house, R.

Charles. Good night, Clauson! Dear Louise, to-morrow I go to Abbeville—I shall purchase there—

Louise. What?

Charles. The wedding-ring. We will be married, Louise, and then—

Louise. La! Charles, are you really in earnest?

Charles. [Kissing her.] By this fond kiss, I am. Good night.

Both. Good night, good night.

[MUSIC.—Exeunt *Louise* into the house, R., *Charles*, L.

Enter **ZYRTILLO**, softly, L. S. E., with his finger on his lips, and a cloak on his arm.

Zyr. So, I suppose I spoil sport here. Well, so long as I am safe at the Inn of Abbeville, no matter. I wonder, now, how far the Baron and Lady Emma are behind in this storm; I dare say they've taken refuge in some honest woodman's chimney-corner, where they intend to pass the night. I may as well make myself comfortable and happy, as I always like to do. Now to summon the landlord with the true air of a man of fashion. [Puts on the cloak.] They do say fine feathers make fine birds. What, ho, host! Deuce take this master of mine, he affords me no opportunity for intellectual amusement. Books form no part of my pursuits; 'tis impossible: and then there's Chevalier Nimbletoes, his lessons, only that I can practise them a little as I pass along—they, too, would be quite forgotten. Let me recollect. La, la, la. [Waltzing.]

Enter CLAUSON, from the house, R., and runs against Zyrtillo, and almost knocks him down.

Cla. (R.) Why, what the deuce—oh, this is some travelling dancing-master, I suppose. Good evening, monsieur—welcome to the Inn of Abbeville.

Zyr. (c.) [Dancing about.] La, la, la! can you cut?

Cla. Cut! [Aside.] Oh, he knows I've been a soldier. Would your honour like to try me with the broadsword?

Zyr. How ridiculous! the broadsword! psha! people cut in different ways now-a-days. 'Tis one thing to cut a figure; another to cut a reputation; and another to cut with the heels; of which, but that my heels are rather chafed, I'd convince you; and where people talk of cutting with the broadsword, some don't care how soon they cut the conversation. What accommodation does your inn afford?—Can I have refreshment?—Have you beds for the Baron Idenberg?—I must have two.

Cla. I have two: one I call my red state bed, being only for the reception of bettermost guests.

Zyr. I bespeak that for myself.

Cla. [Noticing Zyrtillo's cloak, and bowing.] I beg pardon; you, then, are the Baron Idenberg?—Suffer me, my lord, to conduct you in.

Zyr. [Drawing himself up.] I'm glad he takes me for my master. Khum! khum! I'm fearful—I'm fearful the poor reception you would be able to give—khum! no matter; I'm a soldier, and can sleep on a rough pillow, in cases of emergency.

Cla. I also am an old soldier, my lord and shall be proud of the honour you confer.

Zyr. Don't mention that, my honest fellow; I shall be too happy—khum.

Cla. Your lordship wishes for two beds?

Zyr. The deuce! Do I? I forgot; one for myself, and one for my honest, faithful servant, Zyrtillo, whom I have just lost sight of. I believe he intends to pass the night in the forest.

Cla. If he's anywhere about these parts, I'll soon discover him, my lord.

Zyr. The devil you will?

Cla. Shall I take your lordship's cloak?

Zyr. [Aside.] That would at once discover Zyrtillo. [To Clauson.] No, no, I thank you; my limbs areagueish, and must not be exposed to the night air; it might

occasion a coolness—a change rather disagreeable. [Aside.] Dear me, I didn't think the character of a great man had been half so arduous to sustain. Lead on.

Cla. This way. What ho! Louise!

[Exit into the house, R.

Zyr. Damn that fellow! he's for all the world like a note of interrogation; he makes me a lord, and then wants to know my authority. However, his mistake will insure me every attention, and the baron will never know anything of the matter. Egad! I'll keep up the joke; at all events, 'tis better than scrambling through the forest, and running the hazard of falling into the arms of a bear, as poor old Catharine did.

SONG.—ZYRTILLO.

Old Catharine had reach'd three-score years—

A scold, in pure virginity;

But oft she'd shed unhappy tears,

And curs'd her star's divinity.

From sweet fifteen had Catharine pray'd

She might not live to die a maid.

Night after night she sigh'd the same—

Day after day no lover came

To pining Catharine's aid.

Oh, poor Catharine!

Once, kneeling near her cottage door,

Still the harsh Fates invoking—

(To live unwed till sixty-four,

Is surely most provoking—)

Up starts the latch, to ease her care;

Kate thought young Cupid heard her prayer,

And, trembling, sweet, in love's alarms,

Receiv'd, in her extended arms—

A wandering showman's bear.

Oh, poor Catharine!

[Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Abbeville.*

Enter IDEMBERG and EMMA, R.

Ide. (L. c.) My dear Emma, I regret now that I permitted Zyrtillo to leave us, in quest of some habitation. I fear the poor fellow must have lost his way in the forest. Let us hasten our steps.

Emma. (R. c.) Alas! we must surely have wandered considerably from the main road. Why, it wanted only a league to Abbeville, an hour since. It is extremely dark. I begin to feel quite alarmed.

Ide. Believe me, there's not the least occasion for apprehension. I'll look out for some peasant who will undertake to guide us.

[Thunder.

Emma. You heard—

Ide. What?

Emma. It thunders. Why, why did I permit you to send forward the carriage, and join me in this rash, romantic ramble?

Ide. It was only the wind howling amongst the trees. Lean on me; compose yourself.

Emma. Would we were still at Cressy! I've understood the way to Abbeville is the resort of banditti.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Ide. The friendly covering of yonder spreading tree—hark!

SONG.—CHARLES, without, L.

One Midsummer eve, as he gave her a kiss,
A gay gold ring, and a top-knot blue,—
"Dear Rosa," he cried, "by this token, and this,
Remember the vows of your lover true."

Enter CHARLES, L.

Ide. (d.) My worthy fellow, can you direct us to the nearest habitation, or to Abbeville?

Charles. The Inn of Abbeville is within sight. Clauson, the landlord, is an honest man, and will not fail to offer every accommodation. It is too late to set out for Abbeville; in the morning, I'll conduct you with pleasure.

Ide. Thanks! Now, dearest Emma, let us proceed.

[*MUSIC.—Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of a Mill, near the Inn.*

Enter OZZRAND, musing, L.

Ozz. (c.) What! rob Clauson! my benefactor—the parent of Louise—the friend of my noble father—for taking me, outcast that I was, into the very bosom of his family! No, no, I can't do it! Wretched that I am, how have I degraded myself to think of it? I wish I had never seen Dyrkile; he'll not be satisfied till he has brought me either to the grave or the scaffold. Ah, me!

[*Leaning against a tree, R.*

Enter DYRKILE, L. S. E., observing him.

Dyr. What the devil's all this skulking about? Rouse thee, lad,—rouse, and be a man,—ay, and a rich one, too, or I'm mistaken.

[*Slapping him on the shoulder*

Ozz. A rich one !

Dyr. I've just observed that stripling, Charles, guiding a couple of strangers, richly dressed, towards the inn. Now, could we contrive to rob those wanderers, independently of carrying off Clauson's plate—

Ozz. But I've been thinking our's is a sad life, Dyrkile ; and, after all, should we be detected—

Dyr. Detected ! Psha ! Let us but steal enough to bribe the judge, and, depend on't, there will be no fear of execution. Ha, ha, ha ! Come.

[*Ozzrand marks him with looks of suppressed abhorrence.—as he raises his eyes to heaven, Dyrkile forces him off, L.*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Inn.*

ZYRTILLO discovered at supper, at a table, L. c.—**CLAUSON** attending.

Zyr. [Aside.] Of all the comforts that ever blessed a hungry traveller, surely that of being taken for a great man is the best. Here's attention ! here's hospitality ! To be styled baron does not include a barren table, at all events. [To Clauson.] Come, honest Clauson, here's your health, and that of your pretty daughter ; [Drinks.] and, egad ! here's to your old master, Henri Quartre. You must drink that, Clauson.

Cla. With all my heart. Your lordship makes my old blood glow again. You are a true soldier, I'll be bound ; not like many of our modern nobility, seeming one thing and meaning another. Come, so please you, here's the old king's health. [Drinks.] He was a good master, and I was proud to represent him.

Zyr. Mine is a good master, and I'm proud to represent him.

Cla. When he heard of a glorious action, his heart was so full—

Zyr. [With his mouth full.] Oh, very full, indeed,—very full. [Knocking at the door.]

Cla. More guests ! Will your lordship excuse ?—a moment—

Zyr. Oh, certainly, certainly. [Exit Clauson, D. F.] Ha, ha, ha ! [Setting his elbows on the table, eating and talking.] Nothing like enjoyment ! I do like enjoyment ; for what else do we live ?

Sing hey, sing ho, sing derry ;
A wanderer's life is merry.

Ide. [Without.] What ho, Clauson!

[*Zyrtillo sinks back aghast, but, after a pause, comes forward.*]

Zyr. Bless us and save us, what is to be done? May I die, if it isn't the baron's own voice! If he come, and discover me at supper, I'm as good as hanged, drawn, and quartered. How shall I act? What shall I do? Ha! a lucky thought! [Runs and gathers up the supper-things, and thrusts them out of the window.] There, at least, they will prevent some mischief. Now for one of my most innocentest-looking faces—one of my most interesting attitudes.

[Draws a chair towards the fire, R., and, throwing off the cloak, binds up his head with the table-cloth.]

Enter CLAUSON, IDENBERG, EMMA, and CHARLES, D. F.

Cla. St. Mary! but there must be some mistake; this new guest must be an impostor. Why, the Baron Idenberg is here already.

Ide. What mockery is it you mention? The Baron Idenberg here!

Cla. [Looking around.] Or Beelzebub in his shape. But he seems to have taken his flight, and the supper-things with him.

Zyr. O—h! [Rocking himself.]

Cla. Who have we here? How's this?

Ide. Zyrtillo?

Zyr. [Rising.] That voice! My honoured master!

Cla. Amazement! yes, 'tis the same voice. What the deuce is become of the supper-things?

Ide. How is it, after discovering this inn, you returned not to apprise us?

Zyr. My lord, I have but within these five minutes escaped the thicket; and just before I reached this inn, I received such a bump, such a confusion on my forehead, that when I entered—

Cla. You were quite another person.

Zyr. To be sure I was. You hear that, my lord?

Ide. It seems, then, that you are wonderfully recovered. "Tis well. Did you recollect my orders?

Zyr. I ordered two beds, my lord.

Cla. [In Zyrtillo's ear.] And did his lordship desire you'd order two suppers?

Zyr. [Touching Clauson with his elbow.] To be sure—certainly—that is to say, supper for two. 'Tis done, my lord. [Aside to Clauson.] Clauson, the fault was yours:

if you betray me, I'm a lost lamb. [To Idenberg.] All is as your lordship commanded. Clauson, why do you stand gaping there? Wine and refreshment for the Baron Idenberg!

Cla. Why, you consummate, impudent—I'm half resolved to—

Zyr. [To Clauson, intreatingly.] If ever you did a foolish thing—if ever you said a wise one—that is, psha! by these looks of contrition and supplication—by these shoulders, which have a natural antipathy to castigation—

Cla. Truly, your shoulders do carry some weight. Ha, ha! well, well, I remember you'd honour enough to drink the king's health, and so I won't report you.

Zyr. My dear fellow! when we are alone, I'll drink as many healths as you please. I hope the royal family is numerous. [Clauson sets wine on the table.]

Ide. My sister, Monsieur Clauson, will retire: her fatigue demands repose.

Cla. My daughter shall attend. Louise!

Enter LOUISE with a lamp, D. F.

Emma. [To Idenberg.] Since, then, you insist on my retiring—and yet I feel so dejected—so melancholy—

Ide. 'Tis for that reason I hasten you to rest. Good night!

[They embrace—he conducts her to the door—she gazes affectionately upon him, and then, attended by Louise, retires, R.—In returning to his chair, Idenberg lets fall a rosary—Charles picks it up, and presents it to him.]

Ide. In sooth, her gloom seems to take equally possession of my mind. Is it true, Clauson, that these woods are frequented by banditti?

Cla. We hear of such things, my lord.

Ide. And fear no attack on your own property?

Cla. We muster pretty strong—the post-lads, the ostler, and myself—and seldom without lodgers.

Charles. Shall I conduct you to Abbeville in the morning, my lord?

Ide. By all means, my honest lad.

Zyr. [To Clauson.] Since both the beds you mentioned are bespoke, where am I to sleep?

Cla. I'll ask the baron.

Zyr. Nonsense! I can rest any where.

Cla. Well, then, the ostler has a truckle-bed, at your

service; or there's plenty of clean straw in the ~~out~~—house.

Zyr. Truckle-bed! clean straw! Oh, you infer—
But I must stifle my indignation. Perhaps, as the nights
are short, for once, Clauson, you'll sit up, by way of
recreation, and so your bed—

Ide. Zyrtillo!

Zyr. My lord!

Ide. You must proceed to the Marquis Romano's to-
night, and inform him of the cause of my delay.

Zyr. I am so perfectly unacquainted with the road,
that— [Rain.]

Cla. I'll undertake to furnish you with a guide and
a horse. Look to it, Charles. The rain comes down a
little; but 'tis a poor soldier that can't stand some pelt-
ing, Monsieur Baron, ha! that's the way. Good night.

Zyr. Curse me, if ever I met with such an officious
old fool before, in all my life. [To Idenberg.] I fly to
execute your lordship's commands.

[Exit with Charles, D. F.]

Ide. You mentioned horses and post-boys: you, then,
can accommodate me with a conveyance to Abbeville in
the morning?

Cla. Certainly, my lord. Ho, Ozzrand!

Enter OZZRAND, L.

Cla. A chaise for Abbeville, in the morning. My
lord wishes to rise early. He sleeps in the red bed,
remember.

Ozz. [As he goes out.] Alas! I must remember.

[Exit, L.]

Ide. Clauson, you'll inform the youth who conducted
me hither, of this arrangement. Now, conduct me to
my chamber.

Cla. Directly—this way.

[Exeunt, Clauson bearing the light, L. S. E.]

SCENE V.—A Bed-chamber in the Inn—IDENBERG
discovered asleep on the bed, C. F.—a door in flat, R.
—an antique Cabinet, L.

Enter OZZRAND, with a dark lantern, R. D. F., hesitating and
affected—he approaches Idenberg.—MUSIC.

Ozz. How's this? asleep, and not undressed! his
sword still in his possession! unfortunate!—Yonder
stands the cabinet. Could I now be assured that the

Baron would not awake, it would be no difficult matter to secure Clauson's plate. [Going up to Idenberg, and speaking in a high but subdued tone.] Ho, my lord! 'tis almost daybreak. He hears me not—he sleeps profoundly. Ah, me! when shall I sleep so? I must not think thus.

[Approaches the cabinet, L.—MUSIC.—Idenberg observes him with attention—the sword falls from the bed—Ozzrand starts—Idenberg jeigns to sleep.

Ozz. 'Tis almost daybreak, my lord. So, so, 'twas but the sword. 'Tis well. O—h!

[Dead pause—Ozzrand takes up the sword, with a degree of exultation, and returns to the cabinet, from which he purloins a silver cup—Idenberg rises from his bed, rushes forward, and arrests his arm.

Id. Traitor! what means this secret outrage?

[They struggle—Idenberg gains the sword.

Enter DYRKILE abruptly, R. D. F., snatches it from him, and forces him on one knee—he gives Ozzrand the sword, and presents a dagger to the Baron's breast—Picture—MUSIC.

END OF ACT I

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Inn.*

OZZRAND discovered, making fast the door—a lamp burning on a table, L.—MUSIC.

Ozz. Would I could shut out the recollection of this dreadful business, as I thus shut out the enemy of my peace! Oh, Dyrkile, Dyrkile! why have I sworn to you never to disclose this fatal secret? Or why did I ever consent to become the associate of an assassin? Thank Heaven, it was his dagger, not mine, that did the deed; although this blood upon my hands is Idenberg's. Ah! I heard a footstep—the footstep of Louise. Dear Louise! innocent cause of all my misery! had not my love for you been hopeless, perhaps—she comes. I must to bed—else, at the morning outcry, I shall not seem innocent.

[MUSIC.—Exit, L.

Dyr. [Drawing back the window-curtain and looking in.] So, all seems quiet. I may enter now. 'Tis well I

thought of making Ozzrand swear. He's too full of religion to break his vow.

Enter DYRKILE, C. F., from the window.

Now to smear old Clauson's cloak with blood : I saw it, as we carried out Idenberg's body. [Wipes his dagger on a cloak, which hangs on the settle.] There, that will fix suspicion. Sure, this is Clauson's dagger. [Taking up a dagger.] A lucky thought ! I'll lay it on Idenberg's bed. Ozzrand knows nothing of this. [Exit at the window, c. f.]

Enter LOUISE, bearing a lamp—she places it on the table, after extinguishing the one already burning, R. D. F.

Louise. Heigho ! methought last night the wind would have shattered the very rafters of the inn. The owl screamed in the chimney-top, and the crickets did nothing but cry. Methought, Charles knelt at my feet, pale and disconsolate. Heaven grant he has reached his home in safety.

Re-enter DYRKILE, L.

Dyr. Louise here ! what's to be done ?—Ha !

[Goes softly to the table and extinguishes the light.]

Louise. The lamp gone out ! and I have extinguished the other. What am I to do ?—My father burns a light in his chamber. Where did I place the lamp ?

[MUSIC.—She searches for the lamp—Dyrkile stoops by the table—she unconsciously pursues him round it, and, finding the lamp, she comes forward, while Dyrkile hides under the table.]

Louise. First, I'll undraw the curtain. Yet, stay, there's coffee to provide for the baron's breakfast ; and the fire must be kindled.

[Exit, R.]

Dyr. [Advancing to the window.] I've effected the evidence, however.—I must not leave Ozzrand to himself : his fears require a sentinel.

[Exit at the window, c. f.]

Enter CLAUSON and LOUISE, R.—Clauson puts on the cloak.

Cla. But your's is a sad face, considering Charles is to purchase the wedding-ring to-day. As my old general used to say, folks don't wear long faces that have won a victory. But how slept your lady guest last night ?

Louise. In sooth, but ill. I left her preparing to seek the apartment of her brother, in order to summon him from repose. Her dreams were full of horror—she cried out once in her sleep—I awoke, and was so agitated.

Cla. [Adjusting his cloak.] Psha, child ! there's nothing in dreams. [A scream heard without.

Louise. Ah ! what's that ?

Cla. Something must have happened.

• Enter *EMMA*, pale and trembling, hastily, L.

Emma. My brother ! oh, my brother !

Cla. Lady !

Emma. I saw the blood streaming on the floor.—He is not there—they have murdered him.

Cla. & { Murdered !

Louise. { Murdered !

Cla. Murder committed in my house, without alarm !

impossible ! [Hurries off, R.

Emma. [Sinking into a chair.] Too, too possible !

Louise. [Assisting *Emma*—pursues *Clauson* with her eyes.] Yes, he returns—his cheek is deadly pale—his knees smite each other in terror. Father !

Re-enter *CLAUSON*, R. D. F.

Cla. Basely, cruelly robbed ! The old cabinet, in which I deposited the little earnings of many years' hard service—all, all gone !

Louise. And the stranger !

Cla. Gone, too. There are, indeed, marks of blood upon the floor. I'm unfortunate the baron should have slept here last night. Ha ! the imposition of his servant. Sure, this was the baron.

Louise. You apprehend—

Emma. Cruel man ! what means this dark inference ? Give me back my brother—at your hands I demand him.

Cla. My hands ! frantic words ! I slew him not. Help ! Ozzrand ! ho ! the inn has been robbed ! murder has been committed. [Knocking.] Somebody knocks.

[*Clauson* goes to open the door, *Louise* holds his arm.

Louise. The assassins will rush in and destroy us.

[Knocking continued.]

Cla. What's to be done ?

Voice without. Unbolt the door to the Marquis Romano.

Emma. Romano ! thank heaven !

Enter *ROMANO* and *ZYRTILLO*, R. D. F.—*Emma* rushes towards *Romano*.

Rom. Emma, this wild confusion !

Emma. Alas! we have been betrayed into the hands of banditti—Idenberg's murdered.

Rom. Murdered! by whom?—Clauson, why was your door so long fastened?—Conduct me to the baron.

Cla. My lord, the stranger who slept here last night has disappeared. His chamber is stained with blood, for which heaven can best account.

Rom. Think you 'tis Idenberg's blood?

Emma. Yes, yes; his gold, his jewels, have destroyed him. I heard groans in the night—I started from my pillow, and would have quitted it; but Louise, the daughter of Clauson, persuaded me I did but dream.

Rom. Zyrtillo, search the chamber. There seems a mystery about this. [Exit Zyrtillo, L. s. E.] Why should Louise imagine it only a dream?—Heard you nothing, Clauson?

Cla. On my soul, nothing.

Re-enter **ZYRTILLO**, with a dagger, L. S. E.—**OZZRAND**, R. D. F.

Zyr. (R.) I found this on the floor, my lord. Why, Clauson, this very dagger was in your girdle last night.

Cla. (R. C.) Mine!

Ozz. His girdle! impossible!

Rom. Why impossible?

Ozz. [Much embarrassed.] Because—my master never fails to place his poniard by his bed-side.

Rom. (L.) The more singular it should be discovered in that chamber. 'Tis your's, Clauson.

Louise. [With wild terror.] No, no, no; 'tis not my father's dagger.

Cla. [Proudly.] Yes, it is my dagger; I'll not deny it.

[MUSIC.—PAUSE OF CONSTERNATION AND SURPRISE.]

Zyr. Do but observe, there are spots of blood upon his cloak.

Ozz. On his cloak!

Emma. Horror!

Rom. [To Clauson.] Account for this.

Cla. It bewilders me—I cannot.

Rom. You are not ignorant of my duty as an officer. These are dark circumstances. What boy is that?

[Pointing to Ozzrand.]

Cla. A simple, honest lad—an orphan.

Rom. He slept here last night?

Cla. He sleeps here every night. He has no other home.

Rom. [To Ozzrand.] Heard you no alarm?

Ozz. [Much agitated.] I was so fatigued ere I sought repose—besides, the night was so rough—so stormy.

Rom. Clauson, till this business can be cleared up, you must submit yourself to become my prisoner. [To Ozzrand.] You must also foll' w.

Louise. [Sinking at Romano's feet.] Mercy! mercy! [MUSIC.—*Exeunt* Clauson, Zyrtillo, Emma, and Romano, R., followed by Louise, kneeling.

Ozz. [Recovering from torpor.] 'Tis her voice! she calls for mercy; but they have flinty hearts. I'll follow, and save her father, that she may bless me. [Going, R.] Ho! my lor—

Enter DYRKILE, D. F., *meeting* him abruptly.

Dyr. Stay; there will be time enough to save Clauson. We must remove the body from the barn into the thicket, or all will be discovered.

Ozz. You'll save Clauson?

Dyr. Doubt not but I will. Follow.

Ozz. On that assurance, I consent.

Dyr. Let us away, or they'll return and arrest you—you heard what the man of power said. They grappled with us with an iron grasp, yet marvel that we wish for strength. [Exeunt, L.

SCENE II.—*The Wood of Abbeville.*

Enter CHARLES, R.

Charles. How anxious, yet how delightful, are the cares of love! they have summoned me from my bed ere the sun himself is up. Dearest Louise! I come once more beneath your window, to wake you with the song of affection. To-morrow, you will be mine for ever.

Dyr. [Without.] Ha, ha, ha!

Charles. That voice, at this unusual hour, seems terrible to my ear. Should it be any of the banditti, unarmed as I am, to rush forward will be madness—to fly, cowardice. They draw nearer. I'll conceal myself in the hollow of yon cork-tree, and observe what passes.

[Climbs the tree.

Enter DYRKILE, L. U. E.

Dyr. There, he's secure now; but Ozzrand's heart is so tender—this remorse he speaks of, is unbearable.

Charles. Ozzrand ! gracious powers !

Dyr. Why, Ozzrand, I say !—What the devil is the fellow about ?—You may leave the stranger—he'll not run away, ha, ha, ha !

Enter OZZRAND, L. U. E., pale and haggard, with Idenberg's bloody scarf in his hand.

Ozz. Where shall I conceal myself from the form of my victim ?—He pursues me—he is constantly present to my sight. [Covering his eyes with his hands.—MUSIC.

Dyr. Why, how now, Ozzrand ? are you not ashamed of this ?

Ozz. Heaven knows I am.

Dyr. Psha ! why bring away that scarf ?—Take it back.

Ozz. Take it back ! I take it back ! what, to behold once more that bleeding corse ?—Sooner would I encounter a host of fiends, in vengeance armed against me. Why did I mix my hand in this deed ! monster that I am !

Dyr. Is this your boasted valour ?—Why, man, the stranger's dead—as we've thrown him in that ditch, and covered him over with branches, nobody will find him ; and if they do find him—I'm glad, too, I contrived to stain old Clauson's doublet.

Ozz. You contrived it—you ?

Dyr. Give me that scarf ; let me conceal it. [Snatches the scarf ferociously, and hides it in the branches, R. U. E.] Come, be a man ; we have gold to procure us every satisfaction.

Ozz. [With intense remorse.] Not the satisfaction of a clear and upright conscience.

Dyr. Conscience ! stuff ! the rich villain's cant to hang us with.

Ozz. But Clauson ! he must be saved.

Dyr. I'll invent the means. At present, 'tis necessary we conceal ourselves.

Ozz. If, indeed, there be an eye that sees all things—an ear that hears the dying cry of the assassin's victim, we must be lost.

[Exeunt, R.]

Charles. [Coming forward.] Somebody is certainly murdered, and concealed in yonder ditch. Should I be observed searching for the body, I might be apprehended. Ha ! the scarf ! that may lead to detection. [Snatches out

the scarf—discovers Idenberg's rosary attached.] The very cross I picked up last night at the inn! This excites new interest I'll fly to Clauson. Yet, stay—if, by any chance, the wounded man should not be dead. It was this way—ha!

[MUSIC.]

Enter IDENBERG, pale and wounded, from the back.

Id. The pure air, and the water, as it rippled over my brow, have restored me, only to die a second death. I bleed afresh—support me

Charles. Thank heaven for this! lean on my arm; there's a woodman's hut at no considerable distance. Could you but reach it—

Id. Impossible! I faint again! help me, mighty power! Oh!

[MUSIC.—*He sinks—Charles kneels over him, and holds up the rosary, with a look of supplication.*]

SCENE III.—*Garden and Piazzo of the Château Romano.*

Enter EMMA, R., meeting ROMANO, L.

Emma. (c.) I fear to ask the state of your prisoner.

Rom. (L. c.) This compassion, Emma, is a mistaken one. You will shudder at the information that Clauson confesses himself to be the assassin of your brother.

Emma. Alas! what was his cruel motive?

Rom. Avarice, doubtless. But you shall hear all I know. My duty compelled me to place Clauson on the rack: it is an office at which my heart revolts—but he was obstinate, and Idenberg's blood cried for atonement. First, he denied all knowledge of the deed, but suddenly at length cried out, in the anguish of pain, “I am the murderer!”

Emma. Oh, my lord! may not deep suffering sometimes extort from innocent hearts the things that are not?

Rom. Dearest Emma, there is a virtue in not having too much tenderness. 'Tis a failing that would turn aside the barb of justice, and eventually leave vacant the seat of rectitude.

Emma. God grant this reasoning prove not false; for though I would not have the destroyer of my brother escape punishment, better that than this man suffer wrongfully. Has he told where the body lies concealed?

Rom. Not yet; but I have despatched Zyrillo, with

several attendants, to search the forest. The criminal comes, on his way to execution.

Emma. Execution! is it the law?

Rom. What else should follow the confession of a murderer?

Emma. Let me not see him, guilty as he is. [Going.] Ha! his daughter—their meeting will be dreadful—their parting— [Weeps, and returns to the chateau, R.]

MUSIC.—Enter *CLAUSON*, guarded, L.—he walks up, in melancholy silence—*LOUISE* meets him, R.—they rush into each other's arms.

Cla. My child! my Louise!

Louise. My father! my poor father!

Cla. Yet, touch me not with your pure innocent lips—I am sunk deep into infamy. Misery has wrung from me an odious lie—I have declared myself a murderer.

Louise. A murderer! you declared yourself a murderer! Believe him not—he raves—he knows not what he utters. Father! sir! *Clauson*! surely, he'll recollect that name. Look upon me—I am Louise, your daughter. [Kneels.] Swear that you never did a guilty thing—never, never. Swear it in the face of heaven, which knows your innocence, or strike me dead at once.

Cla. [Embracing *Louise*.] My limbs were old—I could not endure the stretching of their hellish instruments; my strength sunk beneath them. I could only hope to live a few years, and had better die than suffer such agony. Should they ask it, say I am guilty—say I am dead—or again I shall be tortured.

Louise. No, no: with the last throb of my existence will I proclaim your innocence. Cruelty has extorted from your aged bosom the confession of an action you would have shuddered to commit. Awful destiny! what is it you decree us? Father, father! [He forces her from him—she staggers towards *Romano*, and sinks at his feet—the Procession moves on.] Oh, hear the supplications of a wretched daughter. *Clauson* is innocent! Were he to suffer, angels themselves would weep over his unexampled fate. Stay, father, stay; I'll shriek so loud, the avenging power shall hear. He's innocent! innocent!

[**MUSIC.**—*Exeunt Procession and Clauson*—*Louise*, with a wild emotion, endeavours to follow, but, after a gaze of agony, sinks motionless into *Romano*'s arms.]

SCENE IV.—*Romantic Pass and Entrance to a Cavern.*

Enter ZYRTILLO, L.—*Thunder.*

Zyr. So, here's pretty treatment for a gentleman of my condition. Not content, not content to send me up and down this infernal wood all night, but I must wander in it all day, by way of discovering the comparative beauties of light and shade. I search in vain for the body of my poor master; though he's nobody now, as a body might say. How did I contrive to lose my companions? It makes me so gloomy to be alone. Egad! I'm glad I thought of my spiritual comforter. [Takes out a flask.] I fear I shall lose my place, after all; and even a great man can't give up his place without something of regret. St. Swithin, how it begins to rain! I'll just step into this forest parlour; and, if I encounter a civil landlord, he shall try this. [Holding up the flask.] If an uncivil one, by my valour, but he shall try this.

[Draws his sword, and goes into the cave, R.—*Storm increases.*

Enter OZZRAND and DYRKILE, L.

Ozz. (l. c.) Heaven itself pursues our guilty steps.

Dyr. (c.) Stuff! 'tis only a little thunder. It doesn't concern me half so much as the idea of the body of the man we murdered being gone. I hope you stabbed him to the heart?

Ozz. [Aside.] If Heaven hear my prayer, I did not. I confess, when you thought he was not dead, and urged me to strike, I scarcely felt the weapon.

Dyr. The more fool I to trust you.

Ozz. [Aside.] What a fool have I been to trust you.

Dyr. Then, to lose that valuable rosary; but that I've stayed to search for it, we should have been far enough off by this time, and out of all danger.

Ozz. Should it be found in the wood, perhaps it may, in some way, remove the suspicion from poor Clauson.

Dyr. Psha! he's condemned by this time.

Ozz. Condemned?

Dyr. Ay; and serve him right, to be sure, since he was fool enough to confess a murder he never committed. What matters who suffers, so we escape?

Ozz. Villain!

Dyr. Ah!

Ozz. Like the serpent, you have lured me from the way in which I was happy—ah, how happy! and now

you would teach me to exult, while the only friend I ever had sinks, for me, into an untimely, shameful grave.

Dyr. Canting coward ! Is this a recompense for what I've made you ?

Ozz. Made me ! What, indeed, have you made me ? Take back the wages of infamy. [*Throws down a purse.*] Would I could trample as readily on my vices. But I will make atonement, I'll fly to the feet of justice—

Dyr. And betray me, I suppose.

Ozz. No, not betray you.

Dyr. [*Presenting a pistol.*] If I thought it—

Ozz. Would you had courage or virtue enough to terminate the misery you have wrought.

Dyr. Don't provoke me, or—

Ozz. Oh, wretch, wretch !

Dyr. [*Shoots him.*] Damned, paltry—

Ozz. Oh, you have done me the kindest act—'twill end my sufferings.

Dyr. Hark!—I heard a footstep ! we are pursued—let us begone.

Ozz. I cannot. Oh !

[*Falls.*]

Dyr. [*Going, then returning.*] If I leave him, he'll betray me. Come, come, we'll be better friends. Ha, the cave ! [*MUSIC.—He supports Ozzrand into the cave.*]

SCENE V.—*Interior of the Cave, entered by steps cut in the Rock, R.—Ridges of broken rocks, L.—A wide crevice through the back, L.—Several fragments of wood scattered about.*

ZYRTILLO discovered, seated on one of the ridges, L.

Zyr. Well, now, this is dry and warm ; and, egad ! as I had no sleep la-t night, I don't see why I shouldn't have a little mental recreation of that sort here. I should think there's no fear of intruders like those that visit old Clauson's red bed : dear me, that's a very disagreeable reflection, and quite startles my unprotected innocence. However, all seems quiet ; so, up I go. These steps are rude, but they conduct to Dame Nature's bed, and she's a rude lady. [*Ascends the rock.*] I must confess I should prefer a companion of my own composition in this place, even were it no better a one than old red-nosed Agatha, the blind portress at the convent. Yaw, yaw ! [*Reclines on the rock, then gets up again.*] First, for fear of interruption, rest you there. [*Places his sword.*] And, for fear of thieves, rest you there.

[*Drinks, and empties the flask.*]

Ozz. [Without.] Fly, Dyrkile ! Leave me to perish.

Dyr. [Without.] Silence ! You'll be overheard.

[They are seen passing the crevice.

Zyr. [Rising.] So soon intruded upon ! Those fellows are cut-throats, by the nature of their habitations. A pretty babe in the wood I'm likely to prove. I'll reconnoitre a little, and retreat, should the enemy prove too powerful, and my valour permit.

[MUSIC.—Conceals himself behind one of the ridges, R.

Enter **DYRKILE**, from the opening in the rock, I., supporting **OZZRAND**.

Dyr. There, sit you down upon that rock, and pluck up your heart a bit, while I look out from the mouth of the cave. If anybody think to surprise, damme, but it shall be through fire and smoke.

[Drawing out another pistol, and returning through the opening, L.

Ozz. [Seated on a fragment of rock, L.] But, Dyrkile, Dyrkile ! He's gone, and left me here to die alone—unseen, unpitied. Uuseen, did I say ? Does not heaven see me ? Unpitied ! have I deserved compassion ? Oh, Louise, I shall never more behold you ! You will live virtuously, happily, and never again think of one who blesses you with his dying breath. [A scream heard without, L.] What means that sound ? Would it were over with me,—would I could die at peace. Yet, poor Clauson ! Could I but declare his innocence—[Rising.]—Impossible ! Ha, Louise !

Enter **DYRKILE**, through the chasm, with **LOUISE**, insensible, in his arms.

Dyr. She is in my power.

Ozz. In your power ! Awake, Louise, you are safe.

Louise. Ozzrand's voice ! Defend me !

Ozz. Why come you to this melancholy place ? Might I—dare I hope—

Louise. They are dragging my father to the stake : I hurried this way, that I might once more behold him, but this man arrested my steps. Surely, you'll preserve me. Ah, you bleed—your cheek is pale—Ozzrand !

Ozz. Think not of me, Louise, but fly and declare your father's innocence : say that the murderer of Idenberg is Ozzrand's assassin ; my body will prove the truth of your assertion.

Dyr. Ha, ha ! and do you suppose I'll suffer myself be betrayed ? She shall never more quit this den.

Dzz. What is it you meditate ? Idenberg's murder enough. You are not in danger ; Louise cannot betray you.

Dyr. (c.) She shall not—this dagger—

Ozz. (r.) [Sinking at *Dyrkile's* feet.] *Dyrkile*, behold me at your feet ; my expiring hands are lifted up to you for pity. My death, I forgive you ; but spare, oh, spare that unoffending innocent. What, cruel monster ! still you unbend not those remorseless looks. You shall not stain the name of man with such unheard-of enormity. Thus, with my last convulsions, I defend her. [Seizing a brand of wood, and assuming a posture of defence.] Assist me, Heaven !

Dyr. You have broken your oath ! You call on heaven ? Take the reward of your treachery. Die !

[They fight—*Ozzrand* appears gradually more exhausted.

Zyr. [Who has been watching.] Ha, coward ! would you trample on a fallen foe ? Turn this way.

Dyr. A spy ! Take the result of your intrusion.

[Firing at *Zyrtillo*, who leaps down, and avoids the shot.

Zyr. [Coming forward.] Now, villain, depend on your own dexterity : not an inch will I spare of you, except to hang on the first tree, to feed the crows with.

[MUSIC.—*Ozzrand* and *Zyrtillo* both encounter *Dyrkile*—

Ozzrand is overcome—*Zyrtillo* and *Dyrkile* fight off, l.

Louise. [Leaning over *Ozzrand*.] Alas ! you bleed to death.

Ozz. Think not of me—fly instantly, and preserve your father. *Dyrkile* was the murderer. Louise, Louise, I loved you—but my humble condition—

Lou. *Ozzrand* !

Ozz. You will not hate me after I'm dead.

Louise. Oh ! no, no—how can I ?

Ozz. Bless you, bless you ! Lose not a moment ; you have a father to save. You'll again seek this spot—I shall no longer be sensible of your presence. Away, away.

Louise. I go, but I'll return. You'll yet live—you'll be happy.

[MUSIC.—He kisses her hand, and motions her wildly to leave him, pointing out the way—exit *Louise*, l.—as she retires, and passes the crevice, *Ozzrand* climbs up the rock to gaze after her—when she disappears entirely, he falls dead from the eminence.

SCENE VI.—*The Wood near the Inn.*

Enter DYRKILE hastily, L., sword in hand.

Dyr. Confusion ! 'tis in vain I endeavour to elude his search. The bloodhound still pursues me. Ha ! madman, will you still rush upon your death ?

Enter ZYRTILLO, L., following *Dyrkile*.

Zyr. So I rid but the world of such a villain as yourself, I care not. Have at you. [They fight off, R.

SCENE VII.—*The Outside of the Inn of Abbeville.*

Enter CLAUSON, conducted by Soldiers, with fixed bayonets.

Enter ROMANO, R.

Rom. Clauson, you are to look on this punishment as an ordeal, through which only you can do away your offence. As an old soldier, I allow you a soldier's death.

Cla. Must I then fall ingloriously ? I that have worn upon my brow the laurels of my country. What if I now deny the assassination ! it will now be considered madness or despair. Have I not pronounced myself a murderer ? For my poor girl's sake, to heaven and earth I'll speak out my innocence. Yet, if again they resort to the rack, better, better die.

Rom. Have you nothing to unfold ? Will you not reveal where you have secreted the body ?

Cla. I concealed it—I ! Woe has deprived me of the recollection—I cannot answer.

Rom. Unhappy criminal !

Cla. My lord, one word.

Rom. Speak freely !

Cla. [With a burst of woe.] My child !

Rom. I will protect her.

Cla. You'll guard her from the snares and calumnies of the world ?

Rom. With my fortune—my life.

Cla. You'll still direct her in the path of virtue. Charles is an honest lad—he loves her—he had my consent to do so : now, perhaps —heaven must direct that.

Rom. Can I serve you further ?

Cla. Tell my Louise the last prayers of her broken-hearted father were for her. Give her this portrait—'tis that of my brave old general : he gave it me as a token of approbation. How am I fallen ! The last words of

a good man should be his epitaph—mine will be the shame of my offspring.

Louise. [Without.] Stay—mercy—stay!

Cla. She comes! I cannot bear to witness her agony. Kill me—let me die.

Louise. [Rushing in, R.] He is innocent! he is not the murderer! Ozzrand—Dyrkile. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Swoons at Clauson's feet, R.*]

Rom. Take her hence—her delirium but increases the distraction of his last moments.

[*Louise is supported off, R.—Clauson is led to the stake,*

R. U. E., and his eyes are bound.]

Rom. [After a momentary pause.] Dreadful task! 'tis mine to endure it. Now, then, Clauson, prepare!—May heaven forgive your offence. Prepare! [The Soldiers present their muskets—Dyrkile and Zyrtillo are heard fighting without, R.—after an effort to overcome his feelings.] I pronounce the sentence—fire! [Dyrkile rushes in, R. U. E., with his back to the soldiers, and, interposing between them and Clauson, he is shot—he staggers a few paces, falls upon his face, and dies.] Horror! you've slain an innocent man!

Enter ZYRTILLO, R. U. E., hastily, with his sword drawn.

Zyr. The villain has only fallen in his own snare. Clauson is innocent—Idenberg lives—he comes.

Enter IDEMBERG and CHARLES, R.

Rom. My friend alive!

Ide. Yes; it is your friend Idenberg. What do I see? the assassin already punished!

Charles. [Releasing Clauson.] Clauson is saved!

Enter LOUISE, R., and sinks upon her father's breast.

Louise. What is it I hear!—Father, dear father!

Cla. My daughter! Charles! and am I again restored to life and happiness? Let us adore that Being, whose hand rescues the unfortunate—whose vengeance pursues the guilty.

[*Louise and Charles kneel at Clauson's feet—he raises his hands and eyes to heaven—Zyrtillo on one side, Romano and Idenberg on the other—a Picture.—MUSIC.—The curtain falls.*]

List of Cumberlands's British Theatre, continued.

226	How to grow Rich	279	Aladdin	334	My Spouse and I
227	Fortune's Frolic	280	Blue Beard.	335	Chrononhotonthologa
228	The Haunted Tower	281	John Bull		VOL. XLII.
	VOL. XXXI.	282	The Invincibles	336	The Hunchback
229	Killing no Murder	283	Malvina	337	Court and City
230	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle	284	The Review	338	Free and Easy
231	The Antiquary	285	Rob Roy	339	Cobbler of Preston
232	Agreeable Surprise		VOL. XXXVII.	340	Five Miles Off
233	The Son-in-Law	286	The Mendicant	341	The Devil's Bridge
234	Open House	287	Poor Gentleman	342	Uncie Rip
235	Falls of Clyde	288	The Quaker	343	Love's Sacrifice
236	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Adver-	289	Jack Brag	344	Attic Story
	tisement [try	290	My Daughter, Sir!	345	The Mogui Tale
237	Peeping Tom of Coven-	291	The Young Quaker		VOL. XLIII.
	VOL. XXXII.	292	Battle of Hexham	346	The Postilion
238	Castle of Andalusia	293	Exchange no Robbery	347	The Africans
239	One o'Clock	294	St. David's Day [smths	348	Of Age To-Morrow
240	Julian	295	Love Laughs at Lock-	349	Bombastes Furioso
241	Comus		VOL. XXXVIII.	350	Love Makes a Man
242	Fontainbleau	296	Heir at Law	351	Guy Mannering
243	The English Fleet	297	Netley Abbey	352	Amoroso, King of Little
244	Widow, or Who Wins?	298	Raymond and Agnes	Britain	
245	The Camp	299	Foscari	353	Bertram
246	Personation	300	Management	354	The Curfew
	VOL. XXXIV.	301	Venoni	355	Simpson and Co.
247	Mald or Wife	302	Three and the Dence		VOL. XLIV.
248	Castle of Sorrento	303	Past Ten o'Clock	356	His First Champagne
249	Faustus	304	The Jew	357	Anthony and Cleopatra
250	All at Coventry	305	The Devil to Pay	358	Affair of Honour
251	Tom and Jerry		VOL. XXXIX.	359	The Provost of Bruges,
252	Robert the Devil	306	Blue Devils	by G. W. Lovell	
253	Lestocq	307	The Dramatist	360	A Roland for an Oliver
254	Cataract of the Ganges	308	Youth, Love, and Foliy	361	Three Weeks after Mar-
255	The Old Regimentals	309	The Hunter of the Alps	362	The Queen's Bench by
	VOL. XXXIV.	310	Adelgitha	riage [Leman Rede	
256	Presumptive Evidence	311	Kenilworth	363	Damon and Pythias, by
257	Wild Oats	312	Sprigs of Laurel	Banim and Shiel	
258	Hlt or Miss	313	For England, ho!	364	A Clear Case, by Gilbert a Becket
259	Ambition	314	False Alarms		
260	Jew and the Doctor	315	The Wedding Day	Continued the 1st of each Month.	
261	Knights of the Cross		VOL. XL.		
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264	Rugantino	318	Foundling of the Forest		
265	The Steward	319	Love's Labour's Lost		
	VOL. XXXV.	320	How to Die for Love		
266	Zarah	321	The Delinquent		
267	The Miser	322	The Invisible Girl		
268	The Iron Chest	323	The Peasant Boy		
269	The Romp	324	Catch Him who Can		
270	Mountaineers	325	Love		
271	The Lottery Ticket		VOL. XLI.		
272	Nettlewig Hall	326	The Love-Chase		
273	Quite at Home	327	The Young Hussar		
274	Make your Willis	328	The Secret		
275	My Husband's Ghost	329	The First Floor		
	VOL. XXXVI.	330	The Broken Sword		
276	A Bold Stroke for a	331	The Travellers		
	Husband	332	Plot and Counterplot		
277	Sylvester Daggerwood	333	Lodoiska		
278	Gil Blas				

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Continued the 1st of each Month.

List of Cumberland's Minor Theatre.

VOL. I.	VOL. VII.	VOL. XIII.
1 The Pilot	55 Grace Huntley	109 Chain of Gullt
2 Heart of Mid-Lothian	56 "The Sea!"	110 Ion
3 The Inchcape Bell	57 Clerk of Clerkenwell	111 Mistletoe Bough
4 The Mason of Buda	58 Hut of the Red Mountain	112 My Friend Thompson
5 The Scapegrace	59 John Street, Adelphi	VOL. XIV.
6 Sull Dhuv. the Co'ner	60 Lear of Private Life	113 Battle of Sedgemoor
7 The Earth, <i>etc.</i>	61 John Overy	114 The Larboard Fin
8 "My Old Woman"	62 The Spare Bed	115 Frederick the Great
9 Massaniello	63 Smuggler's Daughter	116 The Turned Head
VOL. I.	VOL. VIII.	117 Wapping Old Stairs
10 Don Glovanul	64 The Cedar Chest	118 Man with the carpet bag
11 Paul Jones	65 Wardock Kennilson	119 Hercules
12 Luke the Labourer	66 The Shadow	120 Female Massaroni
13 Crazy Jane	67 Ambrose Gwinett	121 Reform
14 The Flying Dutchman	68 Gilderoy	122 Fatal Snow Storm
15 "Yes!!!"	69 The Fate of Calas	VOL. XV.
16 The Forest Oracle	70 The Young Reefer	123 Venus in Arms
17 Ivanhoe	71 Revolt of the Workhouse	124 Earl of Poverty
18 The Floating Beacon	72 Man and the Marquis	125 Siamese Twins
VOL. III.	VOL. IX.	126 Austerlitz
19 Sylvania	73 Glipse Jack	127 Payable at Slight
20 Tom Bowling	74 Lurline	128 The Bull-Fighter
21 Innkeeper of Abbeville	75 The Fire Ralser	129 Rich Man of Frankfort
22 The Lady of the Lake	76 The Golden Calf	130 Richard Plantagenet
23 Billy Taylor	77 Man-Fred	131 Don Quixote
24 The Two Gregories	78 Charcoal Burner	132 Black-Eyed Sukey
25 The Wandering Boys	79 "My Poll and my Partner	133 The Great Devil
26 Paris and London	80 The Sixes [Joe]	VOL. XVI.
27 A Day after the Fair	81 Good-Looking Fellow	134 Curse of Mammon
VOL. IV.	82 Wizard of the Moor	135 Jack Sheppard
28 Humphrey Clinker	VOL. X.	136 Paul the Pilot
29 Mischief Making	83 Roof Scrambler	137 The Boarding House
30 Joan of Arc	84 Diamond Arrow	138 Rule Britannia
31 The Ruffian Boy	85 Robber of the Rhine	139 The Twins of Warsaw
32 The Fortunes of Nigel	86 Eugene Aram	140 The Venetian
33 The Wreck	87 Eddystone Elf	141 The Bashful Man
34 Everybody's Husband	88 My Wife's Husband	142 Ravens of Orleans
35 Banks of the Hudson	89 Married Bachelor	VOL. XI.
36 Guy Faux	90 Shakspere's Festival	143 Ten Thousand a Year
VOL. V.	91 Van Dieman's Land	144 Under the Rose
37 The Devil's Luck	92 Le Pauvre Jacques	145 Sally in our Alley
38 Mazeppa	93 Rochester	146 Haunted Hulk
39 Mutiny at the Nore	94 The Ocean of Life	147 Susan Hopley
40 Pedlar's Acre	95 An Uncle too Many	148 Jack in the Water
41 "No!!!"	96 The Wild Man	149 Marianne, the Child o.
42 Peveril of the Peak	97 Rover's Bride	Charly
43 Thalaba	98 Beggar of Cripplegate	150 Our Village
44 Waverly	99 Paul the Poacher	151 The Barber Baron
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